

Christmas Number

Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark. Registered.

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM.
 "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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For Our Dumb Animals

The Message of the Bells

Ring, ring, O bells of Christmas-tide,
 Your joyful message far and wide
 Through all the land proclaim!
 This is the blessed Day of days
 When here, to walk earth's troubled ways,
 The Lord our Savior came!

O not with pomp and splendor fine,
 But 'mongst the lowly sheep and kine,
 And cradled in the straw,
 He came, and low the path He trod
 Always,—the greatest gift from God
 An erring world e'er saw.

As in the dawning eastern skies
 The Wise Men watched the Star arise
 That heralded His birth,
 Thus we await God's Kingdom come,
 When man and all God's creatures dumb
 Shall dwell upon this earth

In brotherhood; when war shall cease
 And Love and Universal Peace—
 Their banners white unfurled—
 With tenderness and gentle sway,
 Their watchward "Mercy," shall for aye
 Prevail throughout the world!

Fling out your message, O ye bells,
 Your cadence silvery foretells
 The gracious times to be
 When sweet Compassion, angel fair,
 O'er this our land and everywhere
 Shall brood perpetually!

LOUELLA C. POOLE.

CHRISTMAS

This happy day, whose risen sun
Shall set not through eternity,
This holy day, when Christ, the Lord,
Took on Him our humanity,

For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make;
We bring our precious gifts to them,
Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.

Thou blessed babe of Bethlehem!
Whose life we love, whose name we laud;
Thou Brother through whose poverty,
We have become the heirs of God;

We do remember how, by thee,
The sick were healed, the halting led;
How thou didst take the little ones
And pour thy blessings on their head.

And Lord, if to the sick and poor,
We go with generous hearts today,
Or in forbidden places seek
For such as wander from the way;

Wilt thou not, for thy wondrous grace,
And for thy tender charity,
Accept the good we do to these
As we had done it unto thee?

If any act that we can do,
If any thought of ours is right,
If any prayer we lift to thee,
May find acceptance in thy sight,

Hear us, and give to us, today,
In answer to our earnest cries,
Some portion of that sacred love
That drew thee to us from the skies!

PHOEBE CARY.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC



MANY elements mix in the Christmas of the present, partly, no doubt, under the form of vague and obscure sentiment, partly as time-honored reminiscences, partly as a portion of our own life. But there is one phase of poetry which we enjoy more fully than any previous age. That is music. Music is of all the arts the youngest, and of all can free herself most readily from symbols. A fine piece of music moves before us like a living passion, which needs no form or color, no interpreting associations, to convey its strong but indistinct significance. Each man there finds his soul revealed to him, and enabled to assume a cast of feeling in obedience to the changeful sound. In this manner all our Christmas thoughts and emotions have been gathered up for us by Handel in his drama of the "Messiah." To Englishmen it is almost as well known and necessary as the Bible. But only one who has heard its pastoral episode performed year after year from childhood in the hushed cathedral, where pendant lamps or sconces make the gloom of aisle and choir and airy column half intelligible, can invest this music with long associations of accumulated awe. To his mind it brings a scene at midnight of hills clear in the starlight of the East, with white flocks scattered on the down. The breath of winds that come and go, the bleating of the sheep, with now and then a tinkling bell, and now and then the voice of an awakened shepherd, is all that breaks the deep repose. Overhead shimmer the bright stars, and low to west lies the moon, not pale and sickly (he dreams) as in our North, but golden, full, and bathing distant towers and tall aerial palms with floods of light. Such is a child's vision, begotten by the music of the symphony; and when he wakes from trance at its low silver close, the dark cathedral seems glowing with a thousand angel faces, and all the air is tremulous with angel wings. Then follow the solitary treble voice and the swift chorus.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

Glorp to God in the highest, and on earth
peace, good will toward men.

For Our Dumb Animals by ARTHUR W. GLINES, West Somerville, Mass.

WORLD POWER vs. WORLD POVERTY



"INCREASED cost of living" is being discussed at this time by all classes and conditions of men. Economists, philosophers, statesmen, politicians, demagogues and doctrinaires—all are writing and talking, more or less convincingly on this vital topic.

To the writer, one of the plain people, it seems strange that none of these "most potent and grave seigniors" have spoken a word, or written a line, on what to him seems the keystone of this arch on which the cost of reasonable and comfortable living has been raised beyond the reach of the mechanic and the laborer.

In arguing whether or not the trusts, the labor unions, the over-production of gold, or any one of the several other factors which enter into the increased cost of conducting our twentieth century life, is the crux of the matter, the unanticipated enlargement of taxation for, and extraordinary waste of, armament expenditures seems to have been wholly overlooked.

The student of political economy is taught, as a fundamental, that whatever is not usefully expended, is wasted. Consider then the prodigal waste of the world-wide preparation for war which, with the right kind of statesmanship, need never come.

Twelve years ago our American Commonwealth stepped from the small circle of isolated friendship into the great arena of the world's armed peace. No good American citizen can fail to be proud of her influential position in the world today, but no Christian citizen can fail to condemn the poor use that is being made of her splendid opportunity.

We have, during the last twenty years, increased our naval expenditures alone, over 600 per cent.; while in the same period the population has increased but 35 per cent.

At the present time 72 per cent. of our total revenues is used for war purposes—and this in time of peace—and apparently we have by no means reached the limit, for each year this insatiable Oliver is calling for more.

The citizens of "this enlightened Democracy of Freedom" are beginning to question if they are much better off than the bureaucratic bond slaves of the old world; both are being slowly crushed to death or desperation by this ever-increasing burden of phantom war.

We are building a fleet of "Dreadnoughts" which cost \$10,000,000 each, and at the same time are condemning to the junk heap \$50,000,000 worth of vessels which were, less than two decades ago, "Dreadnoughts" of that period.

Cost of Firing One Big Gun

A workman labors three years to earn as much money as it costs to load and fire once, one big gun. The second time it is fired, sufficient money goes up in smoke to build this same workman a house, which under present conditions he could not hope to acquire until after years of penurious saving and self-sacrificing denial. The third time the war dragon belches forth its death-dealing breath, the workman's ambitious son's four year's college course is dissipated into thin air.

A "Dreadnought" is built, and the value of all the land and buildings that Harvard University has acquired in two hundred and fifty years, with Hampton and Tuskegee thrown in, is incorporated with a floating machine which, in fifteen years, may go on the scrap heap, if it does not go to the bottom of the sea meanwhile. Expensive junk this.

Panama Canal, a work of world-wide beneficence, will cost, when completed, \$300,000,000—a staggering sum to contemplate—but, if present plans are carried out, this nation will

spend nearly four times that amount, in the next ten years, for construction and maintenance of the Navy alone.

The increase in appropriation for the Army and Navy by our government since the Spanish war,—the *increase* notice—would, if it had been spent for such purposes, have completed all the river and harbor improvements at present contemplated; or, if used in drainage, irrigation, reforestation, road-building, inland water-ways, or any one or several of the plans which would redound to the credit of the nation and the prosperity of the people, would have accomplished so much that one might well have thought the millennium at hand.

This feverish preparation for war is world-wide which is a strong proof that it is the cause of the world-wide increase in living costs. Ours are not the only "statesmen" in the world.

Militarism the Foe of Education

The yearly expenditure of seven of the European governments for war insurance (or assurance) is sufficient to teach every child under fourteen years of age in those countries, a trade, and give every man over sixty-five a pension. Let English governmental officials who are struggling with the problems of the unemployed, and old-age pensions, think on these things.

J. J. Hill's advice to build one battleship less each year and establish one hundred agricultural colleges, if acted on, would send more men back to the soil and give us once more the abundance of food which Old Mother Earth has so bountifully provided in the past, and can easily provide again. Fewer human beings would delve in darkness to find the black metal of brutal war, and more could live and labor in the light of God's sunshine, with the honest sweat sparkling on their foreheads, in place of the grimy damp of death-foreboding war.

Sir Edward Gray said, in the House of Commons, some time ago, that all thinking men recognize the fact that the enormous expenditures on armaments, is "a satire on modern civilization." Let those who have been placed in the seats of the mighty in this country, where civilization has farthest advanced in governmental affairs, take warning. The giant is arousing from his lethargy; his awakening breathing is already portentous of tumult and turmoil of turnouts and turnovers. This democracy to live, must be "a government of the people, by the people and for the people." The people are fast coming to see that it has a God-given mission to promulgate peace, not to foster war.

No further analysis is needed, but what could not a logician prove with a few of these figures, if he should consider in addition the number of men who are segregated from all useful employment, many of them lured from the farm, by highly-colored lithographs, and tempting tales of foreign travel! Thousands of these sturdy workers fed and clothed from the public treasury, but adding nothing to it! Of the enormous waste of precious fuel, while the poor dwellers of our urban centers are shivering for lack of the God-given but monopolized carbon! And again, if the trained machinists and unskilled sailors were being utilized to build labor-saving machinery, instead of labor destroyers; and if the trained engineers and line officers were using their nation-given education in constructing roads, bridges and canals, or

"Harnessing all the rivers above the cataracts' brink,"

and thus "unharnessing man"—then indeed we might talk of "brotherhood" as nearer a reality, and not theorize so much about the brotherhood of the dim and distant future.

A LEGEND OF CHRISTMAS NIGHT

'Tis said when day is over,
And midnight shadows fall,
On Christmas Eve the cattle
Kneel humbly in the stall;
They bow in loving homage
Before the manger low,
Because the Blessed Christ-Child
Was laid there long ago.

And when the hour of midnight
Chimes forth from many a bell,
The glad notes ringing sweetly
O'er hill, and plain, and fell,
For one brief hour, 'tis whispered,
The beasts like men can speak,
That they may join in praising
The Babe and Mother meek.

The donkey, scorned, ill-treated,
Though marked with Holy Sign,
Kneels down amid the darkness
To hail the Child Divine;
For he, like kine and horses,
Was in that cattle-stall,
The birthplace of the Savior—
The King and Lord of all!

The sheep upon the hillsides
Turn eastward, kneeling low,
In memory of the Angels
At Bethlehem long ago;
And shepherds by the sheep-fold
First heard the wondrous song—
The earliest Christmas carol,
Hymned by the heavenly throng.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

For Our Dumb Animals

"TANDY"

The Story of a Pet Owl



HIS all happened when I was a wee lass of ten years. My father, mother and myself lived on an old plantation on the Ravanna River, near Charlottesville, Virginia. Our home was built on a high bluff, on the south bank of the river, rising some hundred feet almost perpendicular from the water, and terminating in a level plateau of possibly half a mile. On the opposite bank the green meadows stretched away for miles to meet the foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains. Our house was an old-fashioned frame building with stone basement about four feet above ground, with barred windows. As these basement windows are connected with my story, don't forget them.

I was a lonely little girl without brother or sister, or playmate. I had a great love for animals and pets of all kinds. While out on a hunting trip one day, my father called my attention to an immense owl, sitting high up on the dead limb of a tree. He fired and killed her, and in falling she struck squarely on her nest, that had been entirely concealed from view by leaves. Down, down, she came, and when I ran to pick her up I found two little yellow downy puffballs of owls under her body. One had been killed outright by the fall, but the other seemed lively and well. I put him in my bosom and took him home. For days the poor little owl cried for its mother, but finally grew reconciled to me. I fed him for weeks with tender bits of raw meat, chicken, worms and mice. I had to forage lively sometimes to satisfy Tandy's enormous appetite for he grew rapidly and soon learned to know me and love me. Wherever I went "Tandy" followed me in short awkward jumps with somewhat the actions of a parrot. When he could fly, we romped together. Such a quick jump as he could give when he saw a poor little field-mouse, used to be a source of surprise to me. When he grew tired or the sun was too bright he would give a little "Who, who," and jump up on my shoulder and stick



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his head under my sunbonnet. His long sharp talons often hurt me, but I could not bear to put him down. When I rode my pony three miles to town for the mail Tandy always flew along over my head, and when tired would light on the horn of my saddle and ride like a big baby.

As he grew older I fastened him in the basement at night and let him catch mice. He kept the cellar free from all such pests. I always locked the windows for his feet were so strong he could open any door or window that swung on hinges or that was fastened by a button. During the day he often flew away to the forest and I would be so afraid he would join other owls and never come back! But if I would go out on a hill and call, "Who, who, Tandy," he always answered me, "Who, who," in his deep guttural, for he was now a grown bird, over a year old. If he was ready to return he always called twice, and then I would see his immense brown wings, shining in the sun, coming towards me. I would often drop down in the tall grass and hide, for Tandy could not see very well in the daytime. He would fly right over me, go on to the house and light on a tree and call. He would keep up his "who, who'ing," until I answered him and then he would be angry and sit up high on the tree and pout because I had fooled him. I would lie down under the tree and wait. Finally down he would fly, and come walking in his comical parrot fashion, cuddle up beside my face, and bite my ears and whisper his "Who's" in my face. When I found dead chickens in the coops I gave them to him. He would never eat one or take it in his beak, but hold out one big claw for it and hop off, dig a hole and bury it and come back for more. At some time when no one saw him he dug them up and ate them.

For hours we used to lie under the trees, Tandy sleeping with one eye open, rubbing his head against my cheek and talking his bird language to me, while I told him all my dreams. He was my confidant in my little childish woes. He understood it all, I thought then, for no little girl of ten years ever had a more lovable pet than Tandy, or a stranger one. I think he must have been an unusual owl, for I never heard of another like him.

When he was two years old he acquired the bad habit of stealing young chickens, and that was finally his undoing. I tried to reason with him and he seemed sorry, but the very next time a nice chicken came near, out went his mighty foot and one squeak was all the poor little chicken ever knew. Its life was crushed out like a bubble. I always

tried to keep him fastened after dusk for that was his time to steal. He certainly "loved darkness better than light." One unfortunate night I sent a negro servant to fasten Tandy in the basement, and she failed to lock the window. That night my father had caught some two dozen broiler chickens and had them put into a crate to send to market early the following morning. The crate was put near the basement window. During the night Tandy opened the window, came out, and pulled off the slats of the crate, entered it and killed every chicken in it. He took only one out and ate that on top of the crate. My father arose early and went out to the crate. Tandy sat there blinking his big eyes at the rising sun, greeting my father with his usual good morning of "Who, who."

This was too much for my father, who decided that Tandy could live no longer.

Even yet I feel my eyes moisten in remembrance of all Tandy was to me. Often and often I wept myself to sleep over the loss of my pet, and at night when I heard other owls howling I almost broke my heart for Tandy. I never loved another pet as I loved Tandy.

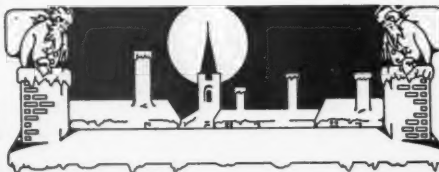
PORTIA B. THOMPSON,

Alturas, Cal.

St. Francis of Assisi desired that in memory of the humble witnesses of our Savior's birth, they should give all the oxen and asses better provender than usual on that festival. He carried this idea still further in imagination. "If I can speak to the Emperor," he said, "I will beg him to make a universal edict, obliging all those who have the means to spread corn and grain along the roads, that the birds, especially our Sisters, the larks, should have a feast."

Many Merrie Christmases, Many Happy New Years. Unbroken friendships, great accumulations of cheerful recollections and affections on Earth, and Heaven for us all.

Charles Dickens.



For Our Dumb Animals

THAT FIRST GLAD CHRISTMAS DAY

Thou blessed Christ of Bethlehem,
O when Thou in the manger lay
Upon that first glad Christmas Day,
We think the birds more sweetly sang
The little lambs did softer bleat,
Thy worshippers more gently trod
To lay their treasures at Thy feet;
And e'en the rose, in richer red,
A finer, rarer perfume shed,—
Throughout the earth, in every place,
All things did know some added grace
That first glad Christmas Day!

For all Thy ways were gentleness
Ever, as fitting Mary's Child—
Thy speech most pure, Thy manner mild,
And in Thine eyes shone love divine
For every helpless living thing;
Thy touch that health and life restored,
Scorned not the bird with broken wing;
And we who now would serve Thee best
And choicest gifts would offer Thee
Should follow Thy dear footsteps blest
In tender, helpful ministry
On this and every day!

EMILY F. APPLETON.

ANIMAL SHELTERS

Animal shelters are not a matter of sentiment, but of the health and the comfort of every community. It does not matter, in one sense of the word, whether you are fond of dogs and cats or not; it is, all the same, one of the duties devolving upon every large town and city to provide a shelter for dogs and cats where they will be humanely cared for, either by returning lost animals to owners, placing desirable animals in good homes, or putting to death by the most humane methods those that cannot be placed in good homes.

ANNA HARRIS SMITH.

RAMBLING IN NATURE'S REALMS

If you wish to realize that our highest and best and most comforting and most helpful thoughts do not necessarily come from paid instructors nor from books, go out into the haunts of the birds and the squirrels and the bees and the butterflies, writes Kate Garland in *Women's Work*.

Oh, there is something inspiring in it, and when I find myself amid such surroundings, with the leafy branches o'erhead, the perfume of wild flowers wafted on every breeze, a concert of melody coming from feathered vocalists who do not worry about box-receipts nor the size of their audiences, a carpet of brown and green beneath my feet; when I look upon all this, and listen to all this, and feel the invigorating sunshine as it lights the scene and gives the glow of warmth and happiness—then it is I feel like proclaiming that there is free learning for each and every one, that Nature hath provided galleries of art, and volumes of information, an atmosphere of inspiration and a corps of instructors, such as no man-made and money-endowed institution ever has or ever will approach in its advantages and its results.

Do we find it impossible to go out to the fields and the forests, on the hillsides and in the meadows, that we may study with others of Nature's pupils and finally join with them in a chorus of contentment when the shades of twilight begin to lower and the tinkling cow-bells suggest that the angelus hour is come? Then let us not murmur nor despair, but look within our own environment (however narrow it may be) even here to find by-paths to all that is beautiful and great and good.

The help that does most for us is that which we give to one weaker than ourselves.

A WOMAN'S WAY



A WOMAN was standing at the street crossing waiting for her car. The ground was covered with ice and snow and teamsters with more than the usual loads had difficulty in managing their horses that went slipping and sliding over the pavement. Many loud words and whip lashes of an angry driver reached her ears. In the middle of the car track ahead of her loomed the dark form of an immense coal wagon.

A crowd of men and women had gathered around the team, which the driver was vainly attempting to swing out of the track. Several of the bystanders tried to stop this unnecessary cruelty to the horses and threatened to call a policeman. But the driver only told them to mind their own business and that he was driving the team.

At this juncture our little woman, with a determined look, had elbowed her way through the crowd and seeing that he still continued whipping the horses, she, too, tried to make him stop his cruelty.

After talking for quite a time he at last said, "All right, if you think you understand more about my business than I do, just get up there and drive the team yourself." In saying this he calmly got off the seat and, amid the laughter of the bystanders, placed the reins in the woman's hands. He kept insisting that she drive the horses.

After a moment's hesitation she took a firm grip on the reins and, addressing herself to a few kindly disposed bystanders, she said, "Please take those blankets off the seat and put them under the horses' feet."

This was done at once and the woman then patted the horses gently and spoke kindly to them. Then she gently tapped them on the back with the lines and asked them to "Gitt ap."

The traces of the harness began to strain, the wagon gave two or three loud creaks, the feet of the horses had gained a firm anchorage, and, behold! the big wagon swung majestically off the track!

The blankets were replaced on the wagon, the driver mounted his seat, and the long procession of cars and waiting teams began their forward movement.—*World's Chronicle*.

PROFIT IN KINDNESS

Kindness, gentleness and humane treatment are essential to get the greatest revenue out of horses, argues the *Horse World*. In Chicago the West Side Transfer Company has a horse that was purchased in the open market in 1892 for \$65 that weighs 1,300 pounds, and that has been in continuous service for eighteen years. Although twenty-three years old, his preservation is so unusual that he was awarded a prize at the Chicago 1910 work-horse parade. He promises several years of further usefulness in delivering merchandise for the large local wholesale houses, and his efficiency is due to the kind treatment he has received. Many of the big carting and business concerns are totally ignorant of the great amount of money that might be saved to them by a radical change in the treatment of their horses, a change that would make kind and considerate treatment the first principle to be considered by their barn men and drivers.

In the home of the sinless animals the "Sinless One" was born, and in the manger-bed, between the ass and the ox, He found His rest. Christian art represents the sheep and the lamb surrounding the shepherds as they knelt in adoration before the infant King, and Christ loved and blessed them all.

M. L'ABBE HAYES.



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS MORNING

"OH SAY" AND "OH SAID"

Remarkable Story of Two Mules That Spent Their Lives in a Nevada Mine

There once lived in Carson City, Nevada, a teamster known to the old community as "Oh Say." He was not a Chinaman, as one might think, but a German, and secured his name from ejaculating "Oh, Say" whenever he spoke to a person.

When the mines of the Comstock lode were opened, "Oh Say" drove a mule team from the shaft down to the crushing mill, and later on his mules were bought by the owners of the mine, and used for some years thereafter.

"Oh Say" got other mules, but always had deep regard for the first mules he ever owned, which went down into that mine to drag cars from the facing.

They were named "Oh Say" and "Oh Said," and for forty years they dragged ore on the lower level of Comstock mine, never coming to the surface, nor issuing in the open air.

But every holiday "Oh Say," the man, went through the Sutro tunnel to visit his old mules in the bowels of the earth.

He carried them carrots and other delicacies for a mule's palate, and returned with curious stories of their affectionate recognition.

In the long interval the teamster had become a freighter, and from that had drifted into the most important business of the state. Only his intimate friends recalled him as "Oh Say," but others spoke of him as the "Hon. William Keyser," and Mr. Keyser never forgot his mules down on the last level of the Comstock mine, where they dragged ore through the long, dripping covert, called "Sutro tunnel." The managers of Comstock mine finally introduced machinery to haul out to the dumps, and the twenty or thirty mules were out of the job.

The Hon. Wm. Keyser promptly bought his mules, "Oh Say" and "Oh Said," and brought them to the surface of the earth, where they met the sunlight for the first time in nearly half a century. He turned them into the rich pasturage which formed the lawn about his fine home in Carson City.

There they lived in clover the short period of two weeks, and there they were both found dead one morning, cradled in the alfalfa, which had at once been a great joy to them, but from eating too much had caused their death.

The Hon. William Keyser buried them where they died, and reared over their tomb a carved stone which bears this inscription:—

"OH SAY" AND "OH SAID"

Two Mules Who Contributed More to the Prosperity of Nevada Than the Silver King

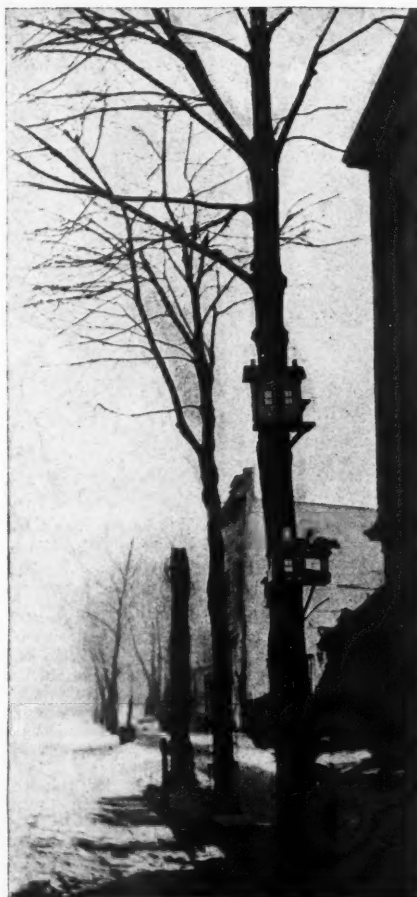
They worked in the Comstock for forty years. They never took a dollar out of the state, but they moved millions of the values of its treasures. This stone is raised by their old friend, who seeks no higher reward than to rest beside them.

CAB HORSES IN PARIS

Paris—and the rest of the world—had its laugh when a few women undertook to earn their living by cab-driving. But the women have succeeded; they make the living they are after, and incidentally better the lot of the Paris cab horse—never a very happy one—as far as they can. It is said in one of the cab stables that a certain horse, regarded as so vicious that no man driver would use him, has by a woman's kind and gentle treatment been so tamed that it is one of the best animals in the stable.—*Youth's Companion*.

FAITH AND WORKS

A little girl, who is humanely inclined, told her father, the other day, that her brothers set traps to catch birds. He asked her what she did. She replied, "I prayed that the trap might not catch the birds." "Anything else?" "Yes," she said; "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps;" and, as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works, she continued, "Then I went and kicked the traps all to pieces."

**HOTELS FOR SQUIRRELS**

A correspondent writes that in a tree in front of the Wesley House in Saginaw, Michigan, are two little houses for squirrels, built by Mr. John I. Bolton, who lives at the hotel. The proprietor of the hotel buys a half peck of nuts each week for the squirrels which are quite tame, especially the one in the picture. These houses are made of tin, painted, and lined with tar paper.

ANIMALS IN COLD WEATHER

The wild animal that minds cold the least is undoubtedly the rabbit. Indeed, it is said that the rabbit is, of all warm-blooded creatures, the most capable of withstanding very low temperatures. A rabbit which had got into a block of ice was imprisoned there twelve hours. When freedom was finally secured, it began almost instantly to feed.

Hares, too, can stand a lot of cold so long as they can get food. The Alpine hare, which is found in Cumberland and Scotland, never seems inconvenienced by the worst frosts. The Arctic fox is another creature which no degree of cold seems to bother. It is one of the very few animals of the Arctic regions which does not hibernate.

Of domestic animals, sheep come first as cold resistors. In a great blizzard which swept England in 1891, sheep were dug out of the drifts that had been buried twenty-four days. They were still alive. Next to sheep in cold weather hardiness come goats and then pigs.

Among the birds, thrushes and blackbirds seem able to endure less cold than the finch tribe, of which the house sparrow is the commonest type. The hedge sparrow appears, of all birds, to be the most affected by cold.

Perch enjoy cold weather and freezes, comfortably making their winter homes in lakes that are frozen practically solid.

For Our Dumb Animals

ROGER AT THE TROUGH

We are jogging homeward, Roger,
In the dusk, the dusk of day;
While the thrushes in the hedges
Make a music all the way.
We are on the steady up-grade
Where the single pine-tree shows
With a star among its branches,
With a star that glows and glows.
We are drawing nearer, Roger;
Now, we hear the waters froth
As they break in little gushes
To the mossy wayside trough.

Ah, you hear the waters, Roger,
In their crystal cooling flow;
As they wander from the ridges
To the valley green below.
They are telling of the bluebells
Veiling dim a tiny thread
As it makes a way of silver
O'er the brooklet's babbling bed.
They are singing of the ledges
Gray against the distant hill;
They are singing of the river
As the mossy trough they fill.

Now, your check is loosened, Roger!
You may low'r your faithful head;
You may bathe your velvet nostrils
In the light the stars have shed.
You may have your fill of glory
Shining in the ev'ning skies
For a host, a constellation
In the limpid darkness lies.
Ah, you breathe above the waters
As they murmur and they froth;
"There is nothing, is there, Roger,
Like the brimming wayside trough."

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER,
Lake Helen, Fla.

ABOUT GRAY SQUIRRELS

There seems to be a general impression that the presence of gray squirrels should not be encouraged, as they are thought to be natural enemies of birds, observes M. A. Greely in the *Ellsworth, Maine, American*.

This is a great mistake, for the park commissioners of Boston, who do everything to cultivate bird life, also feed the gray squirrels, and in all the parks, as well as in private grounds in the suburbs, birds and gray squirrels live in the same tree on the friendliest terms.

It is also said, on how good authority I do not know, that gray squirrels cannot live through the winter without help in regions such as this, where the white oak acorn does not grow. However that may be, a very lean gray squirrel appeared one cold winter's day on the ledge of a second-story window at our house, and attracted attention by clawing at the pane. He ate the peanuts we put out, and the next day and every day after, at exactly the same hour, he came with three friends.

Finding that nuts were an expensive diet for a colony of hungry squirrels, we experimented with different foods, and found that they especially liked bits of cold brownbread or corncake and small pieces of apple and carrot. They never failed to come until the snow had melted and buds had started in the woods, and before another fall they had been shot, but that was before a wise and kindly legislature had protected them.

These squirrels showed no disposition to get into the house or do any mischief, like their cousins, the red squirrels, which are nearer related to rats and are somewhat like them in their habits.

I am sure that any one who will provide food for the gray squirrels, out of the way of cats, will be amply repaid by the beauty and graceful antics of the little guests.



YOU will enjoy your own Christmas better if you try to make happier the birds and animals about you.

WINTER'S APPROACH

The Autumn leaves are falling fast
Beneath the old oak tree;
The squirrels and the chipmunks are
As happy as can be;
Because they worked in Summer days
To make their Winter store,
To keep them safe from wind and storm,
And Winter, cold and hoar.

The birds sing now their farewell songs
Before they southward fly;
The bees have ceased to seek the flowers,
Their honey to supply;
The lambskins safe in shelter rest;
The flowers nod their heads;
All Nature whispers sleepily,
"King Winter makes our beds."

Then Winter sends his snowflakes down.
They come with fairy feet,
And make no noise as o'er the flowers
They spread their blankets neat.
The wind may howl or whistle, or
May whisper low and deep.
There's not one cares, for safe and sound
They've cuddled down to sleep.

SARAH M. WILLIAMS,
in Juvenile Instructor.

WAGNER'S DOGS

Wagner, the great musical composer, had several dog friends. At one time, in Vienna, he had a dog named Pol, and, at another time, one called Leo, whom he had saved from starvation. But his greatest dog friend was "Peps" who was his companion for thirteen years.

Wagner used to say that Peps helped him to compose his famous opera, "Tannhauser." He said that while he was at the piano singing, Peps, whose place was generally at his master's feet, would sometimes spring on the table and howl piteously, and then the musician would say to him, "What, it does not suit you?" and then, shaking the dog's paw, he would say, quoting Puck, "Well, I will do thy bidding gently."

If Wagner stayed too long at his work, Peps would remind him that it was time for a walk. He writes in one of his letters, "I am done up, and must get into the open air. Peps won't leave me in peace any longer."

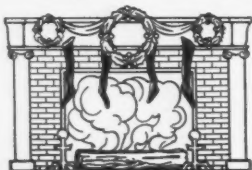
At the time when almost all the musical world had turned against him, he would sometimes, in his walks with the dog, declaim aloud against his foes. Then the dog would rush backwards and forwards, barking and snapping as if helping his master to defeat his enemies.

When Wagner returned home from an excursion to some other city, Peps would always receive a present as well as the other members of the family.

"Peps received me joyfully," he writes to a friend, after one of these excursions. "But then I have bought him a beautiful collar, with his name engraved on it."

When the time came for the little life to be ended, Wagner scarcely left the dying dog's side. He even put off two days an important journey, because of Peps' illness and death.

He writes afterwards to his friend, Praeger: "He died in my arms on the night of the ninth, passing away without a sound, quietly and peacefully. On the morrow we buried him in the garden beside the house. I cried much, and since then I have felt bitter pain and sorrow for the dear friend of the past thirteen years, who even worked and walked with me—and yet there are those who would scoff at our feeling in such a matter."



A year's subscription to Our Dumb Animals will be a welcome Christmas present in any home.



CHRISTMAS MORNING IN THE COUNTRY

For Our Dumb Animals

A COLLIE'S HEROISM

The name of the little fellow is unknown, but he was a young terrier that had run in front of an electric car in Halifax and had become bewildered. The motorman called to him, and would have stopped the car had it been possible, but the down grade made it difficult to come to a sudden halt. Most of the passengers were breathless, realizing the imminent danger of the little dog.

A collie that was on the sidewalk grasped the situation and made a bold dash in front of the car. Seizing the terrier firmly by the collar, with one supreme effort he gave a strong pull, and in the nick of time his shaggy little friend was in a place of safety.

That the onlookers appreciated the intelligence and bravery of the noble collie was apparent by hearty cheering as both dogs trotted together down the street.

EDITH M. RUSSELL,

Dartmouth, N. S.

IF YOU OWN A DOG

The dog that is chained or shut up all day will generally bark at night. Give him plenty of exercise during the daytime. A tired dog, like a tired man, will sleep soundly.

Pine or cedar shavings make the best bedding. The odor is pleasant, and seems to keep away fleas and other insects. The best disinfectant is work, supplemented by hot water and soap. After washing your dog, do not expect him to dry himself; dry his coat thoroughly.

Do not become alarmed if your dog sometimes refuses to eat. This is often the result of indigestion, and is nature's way of effecting a cure. Raw beef or mutton, chopped fine and fed a few teaspoonfuls at a time, will act in many cases as a tonic to an exhausted stomach. Never give your dog hot food. It injures the teeth as well as the digestion.

"The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe, remembers with accuracy both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe an assassin to slay a man, or a witness to take away his life by a false accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor." SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE BEST DOG TRAINER

The true dog lover watches every movement of his dog, every change of expression in his eyes, and talks to him accordingly. The dog's nerves are so highly strung that when his master reproves him for some act his spirit drops, and there is a general look of unhappiness. When we talk to the dog, what we say and how we say it flashes across the dog's brain like an electric shock. Give the commands in the right tone. To shout at a dog is the greatest mistake that can be made. The dog, fearing some infliction on him, seeks safety or comes in submission, too terrified to use his brain power to what you are saying. This is the mistake and cause of so many failures by people who endeavor to teach their dogs a few simple tricks. It is only the true dog lover who can train dogs. When he speaks to his pet he puts his whole mind into his words, and expresses every thought in his words. The dog listens intently, and he does his best to answer his master.—*The Dog Fancier*.

NEWFOUNDLAND DOG DISAPPEARING

That the Newfoundland dog is fast becoming extinct in the land of its nativity was stated by Homer Lloyd Darrow, of New Haven, a dog fancier and breeder, who returned from St. John's this season, bringing twenty-two dogs. He went to Newfoundland in May and since then he has traveled all over the island buying dogs. Those with which he returned are all he could buy, and all of these are not pure-blooded animals.

"The Newfoundland dog formerly was a very popular breed," he said, "but like all breeds it has become degenerated since it was dropped by those who have money to pay for full-blooded animals."—*New York Herald*.

A CHRISTMAS SONNET

Stir up the fire, and bring the Yule-log in,
And let the blaze roar welcome, while without
The grand old day is hailed with song and shout;
And let us hope in all this festive din,
Mercy shall now a glorious victory win,
And self and meanness find inglorious route.
On wintry winds I fling this banner out:
Good will to all as God doth pardon sin.
Let the poor laugh for once in all their lives,
Let pinched-up faces wear for once a smile,
Let him who after gain so fiercely strives
Forget his master-passion and beguile
This sacred, merry, joy-inspiring day
With generous words and deeds—love's roundelay.

STABLE ROOM

At the door she swooning lay,
Christly laden, travail torn.
Soft she sighed, "Ere break of day
Must my blessed One be born!"
Angels at his heart strings pull,
Slow he counted up his gains,
"Nay," he said, "the inn is full;
Naught but stable room remains."
Fool! Refusing Mary rest
Cost his house the Heavenly Guest.
Knocking still at every door,
So the sweet old legends run,
Mary pleadeth as of yore:
"Birthplace for my blessed Son."
God! What if we too shall say
"Naught but stable room today."

MRS. EMILY J. LANGLEY.

For Our Dumb Animals
UNINTENTIONAL ABUSE OF HORSES



A GREAT deal has been said and written concerning humane treatment of dumb animals, especially the horse. Societies have been formed for prevention of cruelty to dumb animals, and other organized campaigns conducted for the same purpose. These efforts have accomplished much to prevent beatings and starvation and the use of decrepit and lame animals. There are yet localities where much can be accomplished along this line. There are other abuses of horses besides beatings and starvation that need attention.

Conditions have so changed in the last quarter century that the type of horse has materially changed. The fast transformation of the "mud" road into solid, smooth macadam pikes has caused the slow, steady driving to be replaced by the high-stepping, high-spirited, fast road horse that is the pride of the young man and his father alike.

The farm horse of a quarter century ago was light in weight and low-bred as compared with the present-day farm horse. This light, low-bred farm horse had stumps, stones and tough sod to pull against in the field, and the tough mud when hauling loads to market. He necessarily was slow and sluggish, he couldn't be otherwise. Several improvements in farms, by removal of stones and stumps, and the use of tile ditches, together with the increased weight of farm horses has demanded a more active, high-spirited horse.

The large draft-horse of today must show plenty of knee and hock action, a fast walk and plenty of life if he catches the eye of the farmer. Men have learned by experience that they cannot beat this high-bred horse as they did his ancestors. His high spirit resents it. Cool business calculation teaches that there is no money in starving a horse.

Together with the arousing of public sentiment the evolution of the horse has caused a great decrease in the old-time cruelty. But this does not necessarily mean that cruelty has ceased, but what I do wish to show is that the nature of the cruelty has changed as the disposition of the horse has changed.

It is a very common thing to see a man driving a horse at its highest speed, kept up by a continuous twitching of the rein, or tapping of the whip, or both. When he stops, he stops the horse suddenly, and starts with a full burst of speed. It is not so much fast driving that I wish to condemn as the manner in which it is done. When you see a horse driven as just mentioned, you will notice that it lasts about two years and is then considered as "knocked out" for the roads; a new horse



EXCHANGING CHRISTMAS WISHES

is bought and he too goes through the same grind.

It has not been the number of miles such a horse has gone, nor the number of beatings, nor the starvation, but the continual "nagging" that limited his usefulness to two years. What I mean by nagging is any procedure that keeps a horse continually nervous. Some people delight to keep a horse "on his nerve" or "showing his mettle" little thinking that they are practising as dire cruelty as the man who uses a club on his low-bred horse.

The nagging process is used on a horse that has highly developed nerves, sensitive skin and hot blood. Nagging throws the whole nervous system out of the normal, arouses a sensitive brain and starts the blood flowing at fever heat. Such a horse truly is on his nerve. He uses his nervous energy at a rapid rate and hence his quick decline. He ages rapidly. Rheumatism, stiffened muscles and indigestion result from such a strain upon the nervous system.

When a horse is kept up to his highest pitch, with his nerves on a continual strain, it is nothing less than torture, and torture of the worst kind. The more spirited the horse, the greater becomes the torture. A small spot constantly irritated on a nervous horse is often the source of more annoyance than a large running sore would be to a horse of less sensibility.

Just today my attention was called to a highly-bred young coach horse that is developing an ugly temper, which I found to be caused by a sore back. The young owner had adopted the fad of driving without breeching, leaving the buggy to be stopped by the backband. This inevitably causes irritation, and

at a spot that is very sensitive. Custom sometimes allows this form of torture to pass unnoticed, while using a horse with a wound that would be odious to the sight but far less severe to the horse, would be sufficient cause for a heavy fine.

Many people allow their horses to become obstinate and balk or have some sort of bad tantrum. This is just about as excusable in a horse as it is in a child. I have seen parents allow their children to kick, bite and scream in a paroxysm of madness, until the child quit from pure exhaustion. No attempt would be made to stop the child and it would be excused on the plea of an "ungovernable temper" or "extreme nervousness." The fault would not be the child's but the parent's. If the parents had used good sense in government one word would have stopped the whole affair and saved the child from the suffering it endured. The same thing is true of the horse, and there is no more reason for it to suffer with mad tantrums than the child.

When a man has his horse under his control as he should, he can prevent all that wear and tear on the nerves and save the horse the suffering it endures. Talk about a horse missing a few feeds or a few drinks of water, but that sort of suffering doesn't compare to being "nagged" from morning till night by a clumsy, careless driver or irritated by harness or being in a mad fit for a half day at a time.

The higher the breeding; the more high-spirited, alert, proud horse we develop, the greater becomes the necessity for us to recognize that the form of cruelty may be shifted from the outward and physical to the nerves of a horse.

JESSE BEERY,

Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
Boston, December, 1910ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor, 45 Milk Street.TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION are given on the last
page. All who send subscriptions or remittances are
respectfully asked to examine our report of receipts,
which is published each month, and if they do not find
the sums they have sent properly credited, to kindly
notify us.AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are
wanted everywhere, but they should first apply for
proper authorization, sending us letters of commendation
from clergymen or other leading citizens. Liberal
commissions will be given.TEACHERS may receive the paper for one year at
the special price of twenty-five cents.

THEIR RIGHTS—OUR DUTIES

The author of that valuable book, "The Humane Movement," Prof. McCrea of Columbia University, makes a statement which, when quoted in his exact language, we cannot contradict, but to which attention should be called: "As a rule humane writings, as well as humane work, are based on a 'faith' rather than on any rationalistic scheme of fundamentals. The emotional basis is the common one." Doubtless "as a rule" this is true. He says further, in substance, that with but one exception humane societies have no "consistent, intellectual, well-reasoned" foundation with reference to the treatment of animals on which they are building. However little entitled we are to speak for others we certainly have this right so far as we ourselves are concerned.

The work undertaken by the founder of our two Societies, and the work as it is carried on today rests upon the settled and firmly held conviction that animals have rights no less truly than men, and rights that men are bound to respect who have "any intelligent system of ethics or social science." The activities of our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the constantly enlarging service to the country of our American Humane Education Society are grounded not merely in a kindly sentiment of the heart but primarily and fundamentally in the fact, based both upon science and ethics, that we have a duty to discharge to the animal world and that we are morally bound to be true to the obligations that in this realm of life rest upon us. It is not sentiment that prompts some of us to speak of beasts and birds as our kindred lowlier born, it is knowledge of the scientific facts in the case that compels us so to speak.

To govern us in our relations to animals no less than to men there is a law whose binding force we recognize. As we can understand it no man is yet humane in the broadest sense who has not come to the point where his ideal is to treat both animals and men as he would want them to treat him were their circumstances reversed. If for any reason he inflicts pain or takes life he must do it under the necessity of duty, and as an act justifiable in the realm of morals. He may believe that animal life should be sacrificed for food. He will then take the life in the quickest way with no unnecessary suffering. He may believe that his horses and cattle should serve him often to the point of their own weariness and, in emergency to the point of exhaustion, but he will treat them in their service with such consideration and care as he would ask of them were they in his place.

Here is the foundation on which the societies we represent are building: the positive rights of animals, those rights when necessary, however, yielding to the higher claims of men, and the moral obligation to fulfil toward animals as really as toward men that golden law without the recognition of which there is no morality or religion worthy the name.

F. H. R.

CHRISTMAS CRUELITIES

This is the title of a pamphlet published by the Humanitarian League of London, and from the pen of Mr. Ernest Bell. It dwells upon some of the wholly unnecessary sufferings inflicted upon the multitudes of food animals we have come to think of as essential to our pleasure and our desires if we are properly to celebrate the natal day of humanity's noblest and most self-sacrificing friend. It is a truth too little realized, we are told, that appears in Goldsmith's well-known couplet:

He sees those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.

We are not going to yield to any "foolish sentimentalism" and suggest that our readers abandon all thought of the anticipated enjoyment of their Christmas dinner, though why we should have come to think of Christmas as particularly a day for the excessive indulgence of physical appetites, unless it be because of the pagan ideas that have survived from the old Roman days of the Saturnalia which came at about the same season of the year, we do not know.

The fact, however, we cannot escape that to provide us with the luxuries of our well-filled tables on this joyous occasion a heavy burden of suffering is laid upon the animal world. The cramming process whereby turkeys and other fowl are hastily made ready for the market is one which, if described to us by eye-witnesses, would certainly spoil a little of the pleasure with which we eat their flesh. The crowded condition of the poultry that is shipped in crates at this time of year when everything is rushed through at the highest speed for the largest profit; the wounded game, never captured, but left to die a lingering death in wood and forest, that our appetite for wild food may be appeased; the excess of cruelties connected with transportation in the determined purpose of dealers to have the markets well stocked,—these are some of the things that one need not be a "sentimentalist" to think of in connection with the way he celebrates the advent of Him who "broke no bruised reed, and quenched no smoking flax."

F. H. R.

PUBLIC INTEREST

It is time that a public sentiment existed vigorous enough and insistent enough to demand that all animals killed for human food should be put to death in the quickest and least painful way. Millions of calves, sheep and swine are slaughtered each year by methods as barbarous as can well be imagined. Swung up by a chain fastened around the hind leg and then the throat cut while the blood pours down in hot blinding streams over eyes and face, they slowly die. We watched calves killed that way in a great slaughter-house last week and they were from four to six and a half minutes dying. No one, except possibly a butcher, could observe such methods of slaughter and not feel the execrable outrage of it. England recently appointed a committee, known as the Admiralty Committee on Humane Slaughtering, which after painstaking investigation made the recommendation that "all animals, without exception, should be stunned or otherwise rendered unconscious before blood is drawn." If state legislatures would appoint such committees and those committees would visit our abattoirs we should have a law forthwith compelling the carrying out of such a recommendation. We pray our readers to agitate this matter in every possible way. Give us the public sentiment and we can obtain the law and enforce it. Even the Jewish method of slaughter must soon yield to a more enlightened conception of what is humane. Some one has said that no religion can be acceptable to God which compels its devotees to be cruel to men. He might justly have added also, "cruel to any living creature."

F. H. R.

RESPONSES FROM CHIEFS OF POLICE

The following personal letter, which appeared in our last issue, was mailed Oct. 21st to the chief of police in each of the thirty-one cities of Massachusetts:

Dear Sir:—

Orders have been issued by the heads of the police departments of several leading cities calling the attention of the police officers to the laws against cruelty to animals, and giving instruction that all violations of these laws should receive prompt investigation, and also instructing them to aid in every way possible all citizens complaining of cruelty to animals or seeking justice in their behalf. This has been done in accordance with Chapter 212, Section 76, of the Revised Laws of Massachusetts: "Sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, constables and police officers shall prosecute all violations of the provisions of sections seventy to seventy-three, inclusive, (relative to cruelty), which shall come to their notice."

If you have not as yet issued any similar order, will you not do so at once? We shall be glad to publish your reply in *Our Dumb Animals* which has a circulation of more than 60,000 a month and goes to almost every country in the world.

Very truly yours,

(Signed)

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY,

President.

We are very glad to publish the replies received from thirteen, and to express our deep appreciation of the genuine interest of these public officers upon whose assistance we depend so much and who have rendered our society such loyal service.

If the chief of police of your city, kind reader, has failed to acknowledge the above letter, will you not find out the reason? Perhaps the letter miscarried. If other replies come they will be found in the January number.

The responses were all addressed to the President of the Society. We give them in the order in which they were received:

Boston

Dear Sir:—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of October 22 and to say that the matter to which it refers has been subject of instructions to the Boston Police from time to time. I enclose herewith a copy of the latest order on the subject, issued under date of June 4, 1910.

Respectfully,

STEPHEN O'MEARA,

Police Commissioner.

June 4, 1910.

The renewed attention of members of the Police Force is directed to the laws and rules affecting the condition and treatment of horses and the loading of vehicles in the public streets.

Section 2, Chapter 185, Acts of 1906, provides as follows:—

"SECTION. It shall be unlawful for any person to lead, ride or drive on any public way, for any purpose except that of conveying the animal to a proper place for its humane keeping or killing, or for medical treatment, any horse which, by reason of debility, disease or lameness, or for other cause, could not be worked in this Commonwealth without violating the laws against cruelty to animals."

The following sections of article 7 of the Street Traffic Rules bear directly on this subject:—

"SECTION 1.—No person shall drive or conduct any vehicle in such condition or so constructed or so loaded as to be likely to cause delay in traffic or accident or injury to man, beast or property.

"SECT. 8.—No one shall drive a horse not in every respect fit for use and capable for the work on which it is employed and free from lameness and sores or any vice or disease likely to cause delay in traffic or accident or injury to persons or property.

"SECT. 9.—No one shall illtreat, overload, overdrive or cruelly or unnecessarily beat any horse."

When a member of the Force observes a violation of this statute or of one of these rules he will take the names of the driver and the owner of the horse or the vehicle or of both and proceed as heretofore instructed with reference to violations of the traffic rules or to the commission of misdemeanors under the statutes. Persons who wish to make com-

plaints as to offences not witnessed by an officer will receive such assistance as the police can give. Should an officer be in doubt as to whether or not the conditions observed by him constitute a violation of the statute he will report the name or names of the persons concerned to his commanding officer who will communicate the facts to the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The police should do everything in their power to secure in cold weather the proper blanketing of horses standing for long periods of time, especially at theatres, balls, etc.

STEPHEN O'MEARA,
Police Commissioner.

Springfield

Dear Sir:—Your letter of October 22 is received. In reply I will say that this order has been issued a long time ago by me to this Department, but I will again call their attention to the importance of the Police enforcing the anti-cruelty law in this city. I am in hearty accord with your work and anxious to do all I can to assist in preventing any cruelty to dumb animals.

Respectfully,
WM. J. QUILTY,
Chief of Police.

Lynn

Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find copy of order issued this day. It has always been the policy of this department to give thorough investigation to all complaints relative to cruelty to animals:

October 26, 1910.

The attention of the officers of the several divisions is hereby called to Sections 70 to 73—Chapter 212 of the Revised laws, relative to Cruelty to Animals. They will investigate promptly all complaints that may come to their attention and aid in every way possible all persons making complaints to them relative to the above.

Per order,
THOMAS M. BURCKES,
Chief of Police.

Haverhill

Dear Sir:—In reply to your communication of the 21st inst., will say, that the officers are at all times directed to make an immediate investigation, upon any and all complaints coming to their notice.

Very respectfully,
JOHN J. MACK,
City Marshal.

Northampton

Dear Sir:—Your letter of October 22 is at hand. Orders have been given to all Police officers some years ago to look up cases of cruelty to animals and to report all such cases. No one would prosecute such cases any quicker than I will or cause investigation of same to be made.

Respectfully,
GEORGE W. GILBERT,
Chief of Police

Everett

Dear Sir:—I received your letter this morning asking me to call to attention of the Police Officers in this city the law relative to cruelty to animals. I am pleased to comply with your request and the Officers will be asked to see that owners of animals comply with the law.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM E. HILL,
Chief of Police.

Worcester

Gentlemen:—Your favor of the 22d at hand and in reply will say that this department has always done everything within its power to prevent cruelty to dumb animals and to prosecute all persons who are cruel to animals.

We have at all times assisted State Detective Robert Dyson in the enforcement of the law. I certainly comply with your request to post the law, having had a copy of the law relative to cruelty to animals posted in the guard room of each station in this city for some time.

Respectfully yours,
DAVID A. MATTHEWS,
Chief of Police.

Chelsea

Dear Sir:—Your letter of Oct. 21 received. In reply will say that during my term in office the members of this department have been expected, and I believe the majority have endeavored to

enforce the laws relative to cruelty to animals as well as all others, but I believe your suggestion is a good one and I have issued an order under date of Oct. 26, 1910, as follows:

Whenever a case of cruelty to animals comes to the attention of any member of this department, he will collect all evidence possible and present it to the court for prosecution.

Per order,
GASPAR G. SHANNON,
Chief of Police.

Being always ready to give all the assistance possible to your Society in the grand work it is doing, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
GASPAR G. SHANNON,
Chief of Police.

Cambridge

Dear Sir:—The following order has been sent to the Captains of the several Police Divisions in this city:

General Order No. 11, Series 1910.
Office of the Chief of Police,

Cambridge, October 31, 1910.

Captain:—You will instruct the officers in your Division to give particular attention to the enforcement of the laws relative to cruelty to animals, especially to overloading, underfeeding and the working of sick or disabled animals and to investigate all complaints made by citizens and assist them, and where the evidence is sufficient, to prosecute all violations. Please give your personal attention to the matter to the end that all cruelty may be prevented.

Per order,
(Signed) F. B. PULLEN,
Chief of Police.

I agree with you that constant watchfulness should be maintained to prevent cruelty in every form as far as possible.

Very respectfully,
F. B. PULLEN.

Waltham

Dear Sir:—Yours of Oct. 22 in regard to investigation of cases of cruelty to animals received.

Printed in our manual, are citations from the Revised Laws, to which the officers' attention is specially called, one of which is Sect. 70; Chap. 212.

Since receiving your letter I have personally instructed them to do all in their power to prevent the cruel treatment of animals, and to promptly investigate, or report the same to headquarters. This department will be pleased to render any assistance it can to help along the good work of your Society.

Very truly,
JAMES H. McKENNA,
Chief of Police.

Holyoke

Dear Sir:—In compliance with your request of Oct. 21st, will say the attention of the Officers has been called to the Chapter and Section you referred to relative to cruelty to animals. We will be pleased to cooperate with your officers as much as we possibly can for the enforcement of the law.

Yours very truly,
THOS. J. LYNCH,
Marshal.

Woburn

Dear Sir:—In reply to your letter of earlier date, I have given orders to all my Officers to investigate any case of cruelty and aid in every way. Also called their attention to Chapter 212, Section 76, of Revised Laws.

Yours truly,
CHAS. F. McDERMOTT.

Gloucester

Dear Sir:—Yours of October 21st duly received, and in reply I would say that it has always been the custom for my officers to report in cruelty cases to me, and I immediately notify your agent, Mr. Clark, who immediately takes charge of the cases. I think it is best for me to continue in this way as Mr. Clark is much more familiar with the law than my officers owing to the fact that that is his business. In many instances my officers report to me on cases where the defendant is a friend of theirs and they themselves would not care to prosecute.

Trusting that this will be satisfactory to you, I am,
Very truly yours,
CHARLES S. MARCHANT,
City Marshal.



Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;
HON. HENRY B. HILL, Treasurer;
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
EBEN. SHUTE, Assistant Treasurer;
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

WORK OF THE MONTH

Animals examined	4883
Number of prosecutions	23
Number of convictions	22
Horses taken from work	145
Horses humanely killed	116

The Mass. S. P. C. A. has notice of bequest of \$500 from Mrs. Clara C. Parker of Candia, N. H., \$375 of which has just been paid, and has also received gifts of fifty dollars each from Miss Elizabeth S. Crafts and George F. S. Singleton. The American Humane Education Society has recently received gifts of \$100 from a New York friend, and \$50 from Miss Jerusha F. Hathaway.

AWAY FROM HOME

The President had the pleasure in October of addressing the teachers in the public schools and the members of the Humane Society at Rockland, Mass. More recently he outlined the work of our two Societies before the Men's Club of the First Congregational Church of Holyoke, and discussed with them many of the problems connected with the prevention of cruelty to animals and the extension of humane education. He also spoke that evening to the congregation of the same church.

A MILLION DOLLARS

This is our need. This added to our invested funds would enable us properly to enlarge our work and save us from the chances of those years when for various reasons contributions and legacies are unusually small. With a careful regard for the future, while at the same time prosecuting our work in the present to the utmost limit, we ought, in the words of the treasurer of the Royal S. P. C. A., "as far as possible, to build up a capital sum from legacies, the income from which added to our other sources, such as subscriptions and donations, ought to be sufficient to cover our current expenses." Grateful to all who so generously support our work we long for the great munificent gifts that would make possible our largest service. A number have recently raised their subscription from five to fifty dollars. Many have written of their desire to help as far beyond their power. Who, blessed with a fortune, will give us a generous part of the million we need? Our funds are in the hands of three of the ablest trustees of invested funds in New England.

F. H. R.

3000 NEW MEMBERS

Under the direction of the Washington Humane Society, during the month of October eighty-four Bands of Mercy were organized in the public schools of the District of Columbia, with a total of 3,198 enrolled members. The total membership in the public schools now exceeds 15,000.



A CHRISTMAS WISH

These words will come to nearly all our members and readers many days before the 25th of December, but it is our only opportunity to extend to them, on behalf of those who serve the two Societies in the prosecution of the work that is being done, a sincere Christmas Greeting. It is the time of year when, if ever, the spirit of kindness and good will toward all life's children should have sway among us. The remembrance of the lowly birth in Bethlehem where, with the wondering eyes upon him of the patient beasts, sheltered as humbly as he, the highest and holiest of our race was born, must move us anew to feel the beauty of a life crowded from dawn till dark with gentle words, and characterized by a compassion as boundless as the heart of the Eternal.

His spirit is the Christmas spirit. It cannot live in us without increasingly determining our varied relationships to the life that at every point touches ours, whether it be the life in the human realm or below it. Indifference to the sufferings or welfare of any of the creatures of that gracious care that enfolds us all is a reproach to the nature we bear. If a sparrow's weal is not beneath the thought of the Infinite, if "The All-wise is the All-loving too," then until something of this vast love possesses us, we have entered into little sympathy with that spirit out of which the world's first Christmas came.

Into every home, office, school, institution whither this paper goes, into the life of each reader, may there come with the celebration of the approaching day, a new tide of that spirit before which, soon or late, all cruelty, strife and war must own themselves forever vanquished. Recalling that best of Christmas carols, and thinking of all who read these words, we say with Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one." F. H. R.

A STRIKING EFFORT

Under this heading appears the following in the *Animals' Guardian*, in which we ask you to change the *Animals' Guardian* to *Our Dumb Animals*, and England to the United States: F. H. R.

Humane reforms involving an alteration of the law can only be carried by votes.

To influence votes you must educate and influence the electors.

To influence electors you must get them to read *The Animals' Guardian*.

There are three classes of people who need to be missionized:—

The Bishops, Clergy and Ministers.

The Magistrates.

The Local Labor Leaders.

If each reader will simply look after his or her particular neighborhood, the rest of the world can take care of itself.

Tell your news agent to send you three extra copies each month, and send one to a Clergyman, one to a Magistrate, and one to a Local Labor Leader. Or send all three to prominent working-men.

People are not influenced by our sitting still and sleepily wishing that they were better.

Will you not bestir yourself and then—

"WAKE UP ENGLAND."

VICTORY IN HAVANA

"Bill completely quashed. A Great Victory," Jeannette Ryder. This is the cablegram we received from Havana Saturday morning, Nov. 12. Many of our readers will remember the mention made in these columns of the bill presented to the Cuban Legislature by American citizens some time ago asking for a thirty years' concession to establish on the island bull-fights, cock-fights and gambling places. Our Society early this autumn co-operated with Mrs. Ryder, the devoted humane worker of Cuba, in flooding the island with such literature as seemed best adapted to help defeat the bill. The cablegram tells the rest of the story. We congratulate Mrs. Ryder upon her splendid success in opposing this nefarious measure. We are mortified to think that the men who sought the degradation and shame of Cuba by this project were our fellow-citizens. F. H. R.

ISN'T IT WORTH WHILE?

This paper is called, and rightly, *Our Dumb Animals*. But that does not mean that we are indifferent to the suffering and pain of our human kind. The month of December that ought to bring to all more of gladness than of care and weariness, has come to mean to thousands little less than a nightmare of added toil, of service continued far into the night, of nervous strain that exhausts to the breaking point. For what an army of clerks, assistants, seamstresses, delivery and expressmen has the Christmas week in store such overwork as must bring them to the Christmas day completely fagged out! Why add to their burden? Why not do our planning and our buying now? Why leave the holiday shopping to those crowded, jostling, hurrying, pushing days that immediately precede the great anniversary? Each of us who heeds this suggestion may know that he at least has done what he could to lessen the positive suffering of many a fellow-mortal who would gladly look forward to Christmas week if he could with some other feelings than those of dread. Isn't it worth while? If you say you are humane, be humane! F. H. R.

ARCTIC HUNTING

One Paul J. Rainey, "multi-millionaire, sportsman, big game hunter and explorer," is back from a trip among the icebergs of the polar sea, and is lecturing to his friends on his experiences. What sort of home instruction we wonder did this man have as a lad, what sort of teacher helped to form his character? Just as we can interest the teachers in our public schools in humane education this sort of savage will disappear from our American life. We quote only a paragraph or two from a report of his lecture which he illustrated with the stereopticon:

Another graphic picture was that of the polar bear hunt. The Eskimos were seen jumping across the blocks of ice, following their prey and finally killing it.

Rainey and his huntsmen were shown attempting to capture two musk calves. The babies were surrounded by three great cows and a bull. The animals stood back to back with the young in the circle thus formed. The heroic defense was never abandoned until the blood of every one of the splendid animals reddened the snow.

The Rainey party did not kill wantonly. They took enough meat for food purposes and only killed when it was necessary to secure young animals to bring to New York for the zoo. One great bear, several musk calves and walrus were so captured and taken to New York.

What right has man to wound and kill these children of the frozen North, or capturing them, drag them chained or imprisoned down into our temperate zone to furnish amusement for curious men and women and children? We have no patience with the plea for this sort of cruelty on the ground of the educational value of the zoological garden in the study of natural history. There are some things we

need infinitely more than the knowledge that may be gained from the sight of these wild creatures, or wrung from the sufferings of the animals it is in our power to subject to our will. It is man's spiritual nature that more than all else is calling for education and training. It is in those finer graces of character that make him humane and kind, thoughtful of all the relations he sustains to the world in which he lives, quick to perceive the rights of other beings whether human or sub-human—here is his supreme need. You cannot cut the world that calls itself scientific off from the rest of the universe and leave your moral nature behind when you enter it. Even to attempt it is to be denounced in the hidden chambers of the soul when conscience insists on being heard, until we grow deaf to its will through our refusals to hear. F. H. R.

IN CHINA

From the North China *Herald* of September 9, 1910, we take the following as evidence of the activity of the Shanghai S. P. C. A.:

August 1, Sung Ah-kwei, hawk, was charged with cruelly illtreating a number of fowls by overcrowding them in crates during transport on The Bund at 6.50 p.m. on the 31st ultimo, thereby causing them unnecessary pain and suffering. Fined \$10.

On August 13, before the German Assessor, Wong Ah-tsung and Tso Ah-sai, butchers, were charged with being concerned together with cruelly illtreating a pig on the Fearon Road, at 3.30 p.m. on the 12th instant, thereby causing such injuries as to necessitate immediate destruction.

Sentenced to one week's imprisonment each.

On August 24, before the British Assessor, Wong Ah-tsiang, mafao, North Honan Road, was charged with cruelly illtreating a horse by working it attached to a carriage on the Kiangse Road whilst suffering from a sore back and in poor condition, totally unfit for work, at 12.50 p.m. on the 28th instant. Certified by Dr. Keylock, F. R. C. V. S. Fined \$10, in default seven days' imprisonment. Horse sent to S.S.P.C.A. stables for treatment at owner's expense.

These are three out of twenty-three convictions for cruelty reported for the month of August. It's a delight to think of the growth of the humane cause in that great land with its marvelous past and its wonderful future. F. H. R.

OUR WORK IN TURKEY

Mrs. Alice W. Manning of Robert College, Constantinople, Turkey, writes under date of October 18, 1910:

"The poor dogs have all been poisoned and are out of their misery now. I am sure the protest from outside caused the Government to poison them. The British Royal Society and the French Society protested, as well as your own. We are very grateful to you.

"I think our work is going on satisfactorily, if somewhat slowly. Translations are being made as rapidly as possible of 'Black Beauty,' 'For Pity's Sake,' and several pamphlets and leaflets, and Bands of Mercy are being formed in some of the schools."

HOW EDITORS HELP US

Mrs. E. M. Deardorff, who is representing our American Humane Education Society in California, writes us that she finds much assistance in her work from the various editors upon whom she calls.

Writing from Willow, she says that the editor of the *Daily Journal* will go on the board of directors of the local society that she is organizing there. She adds: "When I went into the office of the *Daily Journal* I had some copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, and Mr. Sehorn said, 'I know that paper. I have read it for years. I used to be a hunter, and because of what I have read in that paper I stopped hunting.' He has offered me a whole column for an article about the birds and insects."


Christmas joy to all our readers!



"TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"

For Our Dumb Animals

PHIL'S GOOD-FOR-NOTHING CAT



WE don't understand boys at our house and although we loved Phil nearly to death, I'm afraid we weren't very patient with him.

Except mother! She tried her best not to have him spoiled among all of us girls, and he would do anything in the world for his "Auntie Nell," as he called her.

But now he is just a freckle-faced boy in sailor-suits, and the worst tease you ever saw, so we can't make a pet of him any more and sometimes I really think he's a bother.

But the greatest nuisance has been Phil's pet cat, Phoebus, which he brought with him when he came, and which he has always adored, as much as we detested it.

Phoebus is certainly not a thing of beauty and a joy forever. A tortoise-shell or an Angora, we would have taken into our hearts as well as our home, but of all the unpleasant-looking, scrawny, striped cats, Phoebus is the most ordinary.

The climax came on the day Phil and his cat tipped over the ink-bottle, and spattered my white silk gown—the new one mother was making for my birthday party. I felt as if I could never forgive them, never!

For a few minutes we thought the dress was ruined, and I cried and mother cried and Phil was frightened, and ran off with that fiendish cat in his arms.

Barbara came in and wiped up the ink, and we found it was only the front breadth that was spotted, so she tried to comfort me by saying we could put in another, and mother said she would send to the city for two yards more, so that would make it all right. But I refused to be comforted. What business had that meddling old cat on the desk any way? And why was Phil always bothering around?

He brought me all the money in his bank to buy the new silk, and begged me to forgive him, but I couldn't do it. I just hardened my heart like Pharaoh and decided that Phil's cat *must go!*

I lay awake that night planning how I would have it killed the very next day, and trying to remember what it is that you put on an animal's tongue to make it die quickly, for I wouldn't be so cruel as to make anything suffer.

Perhaps the druggist would know, and I would get the hired man to help me, and not tell any of the family till it was over.

Every one was asleep as I lay there, nursing my wrath, when I heard a clawing, scratching

sound outside my window, and with a shriek to mother I jumped up and looked out. It was Phil's cat!

His eyes were like fiery coals. He was all singed and blackened, and he kept mewling and clawing as if there was something the matter. Something was the matter, sure enough, for as soon as father was really awake he heard a crackling noise, and mother smelled smoke.

If you'll believe it, the house was on fire! And Phil's cat had saved us from being burned to death!

Bridget must have left too hot a fire in the kitchen stove, or coals had fallen out on something, for the door was all burned so there was a hole in it, when father went down to put it out. We don't know how Phoebus ever got out, unless he jumped through that hole, for he can't tell us how he ever managed to scramble up to the piazza roof, so as to give the alarm at my window.

But we do know that nothing in the house is too good for him, from now, henceforth and forevermore.

Just think! What if it had been the day after, and I had poisoned him too soon! We can't pet him enough, and I told Phil I would let his cat tip over my ink-bottle every day if he wanted to, just to show him that all the hardness had melted out of my heart like a piece of ice in the sun.

MARY SHAW PAGE,

Malden, Mass.



"NOT A CREATURE WAS STIRRING, NOT EVEN A MOUSE"

ROCKING HIS KITTY TO SLEEP

Hearing a song that was sweet to hear
From a dear little boy in a rocking-chair,
I tipped to the door to take a peep,
And found he was rocking his kitty to sleep.

He held her close to his baby breast,
Singing: "The birdies have gone to rest,
And dear little kitty must say good night,
And close her eyes to the fading light."

Then I moved away to my tasks again,
Listening long to the sweet refrain
Till the voice grew still, and I did not hear
A sound from the lad in the rocking-chair.

So I tipped to the door once more to peep,
And found the little boy fast asleep,
While kitty, perched proudly upon his knee,
With wide-awake eyes looked up at me.

MARGARET A. RICHARD in *Woman's Work*.

THE FARM CAT

The cat is a great blessing, a great necessity on the farm, declares the Dakota *Farmer*. She labors, like interest, when others are asleep. She is patient and, when mice and rats are a slim crop, she is happy with a repast of scraps, out of hand.

The ancient Egyptians worshipped puss, or rather tom, as a God, but on the Dakota prairies the place of the feline is not in the temples. Here she saves cereals rather than souls.

The superstitious think that when a black cat comes, it is a token of ill luck. Believe this not at all.

Our old black Tabby is a perfect diamond in carbon, because of her valorous deeds. Brother Rat and Mistress Mouse, in slyness, do both assail her loyal character, but the entire family would contribute to having her history penned in this way: The Humblest but Truest Defender of the Home.

ANIMALS AS TEACHERS

The trouble of caring for animals is nothing compared to the pleasure of their friendship and the knowledge which you can gain by cultivating them. In this way you can obtain a knowledge of them far more pleasantly than by learning from books, for animals, birds, and insects are all around you, and you have simply to watch them in fields or woods to learn something fresh about them; and in doing this remember that it is quite unnecessary, besides being wrong, to collect eggs, butterflies, or other "specimens." If you or your friends want to collect, collect pictures of animals, stories about animals, and stories telling of kindness to animals; you will then be learning without making any living thing suffer.



READY FOR A CHRISTMAS RIDE

AT CHRYSTEMESSE TYDE

Two sorrie Thynges there be—

Ay, three:

A Neste from which ye fledgelings have

been taken,

A Lamb forsaken,

A Petal from ye Wilde Rose rudelle

shaken—

These are the three.

Of gladde Thynges there may be more—

Ay, four:

A Larke above ye old Neste blithely sing-

ing,

A Wilde Rose cling-

ing safetie to ye Rock, a Shepherde bring-

ing

A Lambe, found, in his arms, and Chryste-

messe

Bells a-ringing.

ANON (Old English).

CONRAD AND THE STORK



NORWAY has a village in which there is a figure of a stork carved on the church and over many of the houses. This is the beautiful story they tell:

In that village once there lived a little lad named Conrad and his widowed mother. Every summer a stork came near the house and built its nest near by. Little Conrad and his mother were very kind to the stork. They fed it and petted it so that it got to know them, and would come whenever Conrad whistled to feed out of his hand. Every spring they watched for it, and when it came it seemed as glad to see them as they were to welcome it. Spring and summer chased each other till Conrad had grown to be a young man. Then he said he would go to sea and make money enough to come back and keep his mother in her old age. So he went to be a sailor and set out for a distant land. All went well for many weeks, but one day when they were near the coast of Africa a number of cruel pirates swarmed around and took possession of the ship and put the sailors in chains, and afterwards sold them as slaves.

Weeks went by. The widow began to be afraid about her boy, it was so long since they had heard of him. Ships had come and gone, and brought no tidings of him. At last they gave up all hope of seeing him again, and mourned him as drowned, and all the village pitied the lonely mother in her grief. As for her, the only thing that seemed to interest her at all was the stork as it came each year. For

Conrad's sake she welcomed it and fed it until the autumn came, and it flew away to the sunny South.

Now it happened that one day as poor Conrad toiled away at his dreary work in some lonely place, a stork came flying close to him, wheeling about him in great delight. In a moment the scene flashed upon him of his home and his mother, and their yearly visitor. Scarcely knowing what he did, he whistled as he used to do to call the bird long ago. To his delight the stork came close to him, as if to be fed. Conrad lifted up his heart to God, and with tears gave thanks that so dear an old friend should have found him there. Day after day he saved what he could from his wretched meal for the joy of calling the bird to feed at his hand. But Conrad's heart grew sad again as the time came for the bird to fly away to the North.

Was it going to his mother's cottage? Was the nest there still that he remembered so well? Was there any to welcome it now, and any to feed it? Then it occurred to him: "Why, this bird may help me to get away from this vile place. He managed to write on a scrap of paper a line or two, telling where he was, and that he was a slave, and then tied it firmly around the bird's leg.

The spring came again, and with it the stork. The old widow's eyes lit upon it as it came, reminding her of her lost boy, and tenderly she welcomed it and fed it. As it took the food from her hand she caught sight of this strange letter tied at its leg. Curiously removing it, think of her joy when she found that it was from her son! Forth with the tidings she ran to the minister of the little parish to tell him of the news. It quickly spread through the village. They must send and redeem Conrad, was what everybody said. The next Sunday morning the people brought their money to the church, and each gave what he could for the widow's son. Then one was sent to the king to lay the case before him, and to get a ship of war from him that the pirates dare not touch.

It took a long time in those days to send to Africa, and there to recover Conrad from his slavery. But before the stork had flown, the bells of the village church had rung, and all the people rejoiced with great joy, for the widow's son was redeemed, and was safely at home again at his mother's cottage.

THE BOOK OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM,
W. Percival Westell, F.L.S.

When the attention is directed to facts that show the mammalian fauna of the world to be rapidly decreasing and that animals that formerly inhabited the earth in countless numbers have even long since become extinct, one wonders verily how have the mighty fallen and why this vast family of animal folk should thus have disappeared as the prey of man. This comprehensive volume presents a general survey of most of the animals of the world. Without sacrificing scientific accuracy, yet with little pretension to the technical and without lengthy description, the author has covered a wide field in such a way as to add further interest and popularity to an already fascinating subject.

Beginning with the lordly elephant, possessing, as the philosopher Pliny said, the qualities rare enough amongst men—honesty, prudence, equity—showing high intelligence when kindly treated, the author happily points out in a single chapter those characteristics of the giants of the animal kingdom so that the reader or the student is told a story of animal life that has the continuous interest of a romance.

In "Animal Pets, in and out of Doors," a more intimate acquaintance is gained with those animals that appeal as special favorites to the heart of every normal boy or girl and "the innate love of a pet," says the author, "so long as it is treated kindly and humanely and is well housed and cared for, is a trait in the boy's character which, in my opinion, is worthy of cultivation."

An important section of the book deals with the wool- and fur-bearing animals, the camel, bear, fox, seal, beaver, etc., whose usefulness to man is so great that to kill them for "sport" is an act of great folly and wastefulness, not to mention the cruelties involved in the unjustifiable sacrifice.

Chapters devoted to "Sacred Animals," "Rare and Unfamiliar Animals" and "Animals of Long Ago," present an array of interesting data concerning the life history of this "strange coming and going of feet." All that is essential to make the life story of the animals, with many of whom it is complete, ever entertaining to the nature student or the animal lover is contained in this exhaustive volume. Fourteen colored and 260 plain plates, chiefly from photographs of the living animals by the author, illustrate the text.

379 pp. \$4. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF
DISEASES OF THE DOMESTIC ANIMALS,
Kenelm Winslow, M.D., M.D.V.

A most substantial contribution to Veterinary Materia Medica and Therapeutics is made in this work by a recognized authority. Veterinary practice is brought to date by the introduction and application of the latest additions to therapeutic knowledge in human practice.

The more common diseases of animals are discussed in alphabetical order. The importance of prevention is emphasized, and practical suggestions based on a study of causes are frequently given. The method of treatment is clear and practical.

As a manual for the veterinary practitioner or a guide to the student, trainer or owner, this book is highly recommended.

303 pp. \$3.50. William R. Jenkins Co., New York.

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS" FOR 1911

Beginning with the issue for January, 1911, we shall publish the first instalment of a serial story, "The White Fawn: a Tale of the Land of Molechunkamunk," written for *Our Dumb Animals* by Charles E. Waterman of Mechanic Falls, Maine. Those who read Mr. Waterman's short story, "A Forest Tragedy," which won first prize in our contest last March, know how truly his writings smack of the Maine woods. The new serial, which is as interesting as its name is beautiful, will run in our columns throughout the year before being published in book form.

For Our Dumb Animals

AN IDLE SHOT

And one little bird the less in the world,
And one little heart that has ceased to beat;
Two little wings that flutter no longer,
No longer the skipping of two small feet.

A purposeless bunch of feathers at best,
Or blue or of orange against the sky;
Only the power to feed and to sleep,
To suffer, to love, to pipe and to die.

Ah! the Great God knows,—and I may not judge
What plans are His to uphold the right,
I only know it's a dastardly deed,
To waste any life for an hour's delight.

Necessity's law may rule to the end,
And may be a duty both hard and plain:
Some men to be shot and some to be hanged,
But only the coward takes life in vain.

ELAINE WALKER,

Los Gatos, Cal.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS



ALMOST every day a curious scene is enacted at the end of our street. A staid, elderly gentleman walks slowly down it a short distance, and stands in the middle of the road. Straightway over the tall house-tops come flocking a troop of pigeons, flapping their wings and whirring through the air, as they fly down around him. From a capacious side-pocket he pulls out a handful of corn or bread-crumbs and scatters them about him. The birds understand. He talks to them as if they were his children, and they follow him submissively. Their intelligence is wonderful, their obedience prompt. After a while he goes farther down the street, turns, and calls out, "Come!" and they do it immediately. Often a little crowd of men and boys, sometimes women, seldom girls, stand looking on, perhaps without ever learning, or even thinking of, the lesson that is taught by the scene—made visible by it, as it were.

What is that lesson? Surely this: that kindness and love are irresistible. No, it is not the feeding that does it. For if you were to stand and cry "Come!" in that side street no pigeons would come flapping their wings around your feet, or alight on your out-held finger. It is not hunger that does it, but some stronger force, to which all animals of every kind, from lowest to highest, are amenable.

Why is it that the young things of the farm—calves and chickens, geese and hens—besiege the little maid as she comes with her basket of food? Because they are hungry? Not a bit of it, but because it is she, and they know her, and because she distributes the food as if she liked to, and does so because she loves them. It is not everybody that would be so welcome, even though they carried the basket brimming over, or the pockets full to overflowing. The young of all kinds, children and chicks—how intelligent are the wee things in their very attitude!—soon find out who it is that ministers to them and how it is done, and what it expresses. They need no telling—they know. Even the fiercest animals are tamed and won by kindness. And how responsive and knowing dog or cat become when they are noticed, and talked to as if they understood! I have never been quite able to decide whether they really do or not. I only know that sometimes my pet dog does everything but talk, and even that he does in his own way.



"And nevermore the blessing
Shall from the year depart,
If only we, dear children,
Keep Christmas in the heart.
Its love, its thoughts for others,
Are beautiful as flowers,
And may we sow their beauty
In other hearts than ours."

By WILLIAM L. FINLEY in *Technical World Magazine* for November

DIE IN TORTURE FOR A LADY'S WHIM

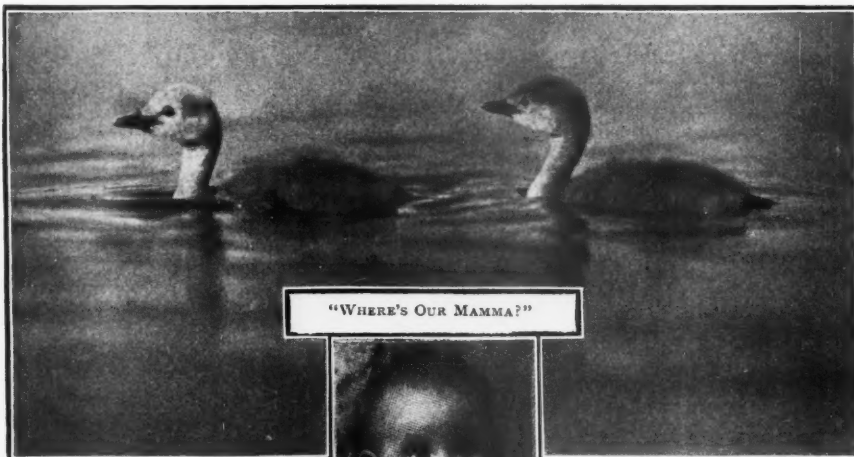
Extract and Illustrations by Special Permission

A few years ago Fashion said, "Grebe skins are stylish." Fashionable women hastened to buy them. Since then untold numbers of western grebes have been slaughtered through the lake region of southern Oregon and northern California to supply the market. Scores of professional hunters have been busy shooting these birds and shipping out bales of skins. The grebes have disappeared in many localities.

The western grebe is a diving bird of glistening white breast and silvery-gray back.

camp fire was the skinning place. Here and there I saw piles of wings, each of which would have filled a washtub. The bodies of dead grebes were scattered about, thrown aside after the plumage had been stripped from their breasts. Each was marked by a buzzing throng of flies that swarmed up at our approach and settled back. On the left I counted a hundred rotting carcasses in one place. The stench was sickening. I turned back to meet a sight that was even worse.

Out through the tules where we had seen



"WHERE'S OUR MAMMA?"



"ON MY MAMMA'S HAT."

It is sought not without reason. The grebe hunters call the skin of this bird fur rather than feathers.

I have followed the trail of the grebe hunter. I have seen the effects of his work. I have seen a hunter make a grebe skin almost as quickly as I can explain the method. He picks up the dead bird, severs each wing with the blow of an ax, throws it on its belly and rips the skin down the back from neck to tail. He jerks the skin loose from the upper part of the body and severs it at the neck. Then, with his foot on the upper part of the body, the whole hide comes off with one jerk.

Lower Klamath Lake on the Oregon and California border is a typical breeding ground for western grebes. When we visited the region in 1905 we found floating grebe nests only a few feet apart.

This nesting place containing about fifteen hundred grebe homes was soon discovered by two plume hunters. It took but a few days' work for them to shoot out this colony. I wish the American woman could have followed with me the trail of death and suffering after these two plume hunters left. We poled our skiff out through the tules till we came to a small grass island where the hunters had camped. Fifty feet beyond the edge of the

the birds thick about their floating homes, I found deserted nests. There were eggs on all sides never to be hatched. Beside several nests I saw dead grebe chicks that had climbed out in search of food that dead parents could never bring. I saw two homes where young grebes were starving and burning to death in the sun. Gray chicks were piping faintly for food. Worst of all were sights that brought tears. I saw grebe mothers that had been shot and not been found by the plume hunters.—mothers lying dead by their homes. In a small bunch of tules I saw a grebe baby trying to crawl under a dead mother's wing,—cold, helpless, starving. I can hear him crying yet.

No one could see the sights I have seen and not be moved.

I thought of the women, even human mothers all through our enlightened land, who spread this suffering and starvation among the homes of the wild fowl. Cursed be fashion! This is the price. How long will the American woman demand it? The grebe skins, the tern wings, the egret plumes, are the mothers' life blood. Hat plumes, worn for beauty, are but the signs of famished babies. Do you realize that, fair wearer?



Christmas Greetings

We of the forests, wild and beautiful and free,
Resting 'neath the shadows of the spreading tree,
Send forth our loving greeting unto thee.

We of the ocean, huge and powerful or small,
Ploughing the waters in their rise and fall,
Send forth our thankful greeting unto all.

We of the mountains, with their snow-tipped crowns,
Skipping the fissures, where the storm king frowns
Send forth our hopeful greeting. "Hark! it sounds."

We of the air, safe poised on fluttering wing,
Making the heavens with our music ring,
Send forth our joyous greeting when we sing.

We of the homestead, sheltered from the blast,
Alusing contented to the very last,
Send forth our greeting ere the die is cast.

We of the kennel and the bright, warm room,
Lounging at ease, where the winter flowers bloom,
Send forth our greeting ere the shadows loom.

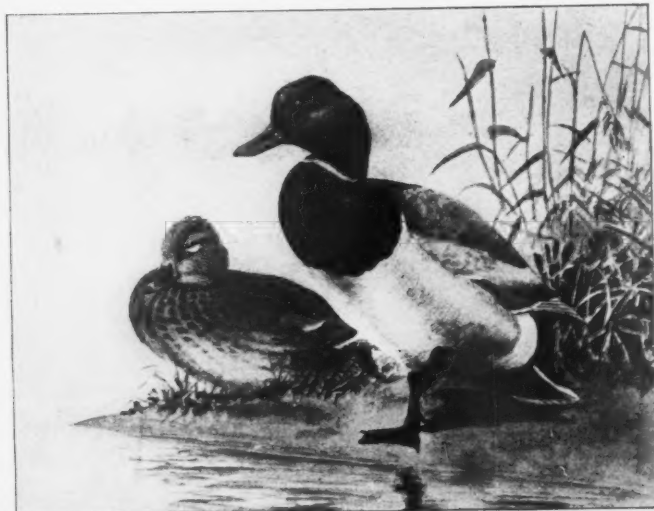
We unite in the blessings that are due to those
Who have fought our battles, and thus earned repose,
And greet we them ever till life shall close.

S. A. WATSON.

This infamous rage for killing! The suffering that the men with guns impose; the happy creatures mangled in their play and flight; the crippled that drag themselves to the woods and hills to die, with unheard groaning; the little ones in fur and feathers that perish of cold and hunger, wondering why the father and mother that were good to them come back no more.

Oh, brothers of the tongue that speaks, the hand that works such other good, the brain that thinks so high and kindly for those of your own species, will you not hear and heed the plaint in these wild voices that reach you even at your windows? Will you not have mercy on those harmless ones that, after centuries of persecution, know and think of you only with aversion and terror? Hang up the gun, burn the whip, put down the sling, the bow, the trap, the stone, and bid them live. Let their joyous voices greet the sun again, as in the days before they learned the fear of man. Take their drooping carcasses out of your hat, my lady, and set an example such as a gentle, well-bred woman should give to her ignorant sisters. Be ministers and friends, not persecutors and enemies. Spare, for their sake, yet more for your own, our little brothers of the fields.

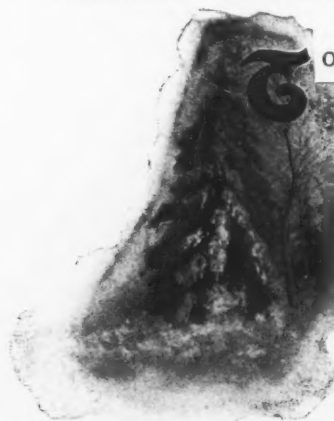
CHARLES M. SKINNER in *Atlantic Monthly*.



By Permission of National Audubon Society

For Our Dumb Animals by ETHELYN DYER

WILMA'S CHRISTMAS TREE



"TOMORROW is Christmas Day!"

Wilma stood dejectedly at the uncurtained half-window of the little claim-shack, looking out upon the wastes of brown grass stretching away, for miles and miles, almost without a break. "Almost," for a mile away, the earth-covered roof of a dugout showed, but it was vacant. The family, Wilma's only neighbors, had moved into the nearest town for the winter's school.

Last year, it had all been so different!

Wilma could picture the reunion at Grandma's, with her away. There would be the bundling up in the sleighs for a ride over the snow, the mysterious gifts, the whispering in corners of happy secrets, the big Christmas tree, the coasting and skating parties, and the great dinner, in the big dining room.

This year, she had sent her little gifts by mail. Not very much, it seemed to her. She had sent Grandma her copy of "Snow-bound," and for Grandpa she had made a spectacle wiper, of chamois skin. And away out here she could not have a sleigh-ride, for there was no snow! No snow, and not a hill to coast on, and not even a little pool, even if it *might* freeze, to skate on! And not a bush or a shrub big enough for a Christmas tree! Wilma's head, with its neat flaxen braids, suddenly went down on the rough sill, to let the tears, kept rebelliously in check so long, have free flow. A sudden thought caused her to lift her face in a few minutes, hastily wiping her eyes, and the upturned tip of a fast-reddening nose.

"Suppose Mother were homesick, too!"

She remembered, now, that Mother had not sung, as usual, that day as she went about her work. She had not worked with her customary briskness, but had gone about so quietly and listlessly! But that might be because Father had gone to town. Mother was always very quiet when Father was away.

Just then, a flock of little brown-and-gray birds settled on the ripe weeds below the window, and Wilma cried out in delight, her loneliness for the moment forgotten.

"Oh, Mother! I never saw so many birdies at one time in my life! Do come and see! There must be a thousand!" with the exaggeration of excited childhood.

The mother looked up from the beans which she was putting in an earthen pot to bake. "Yes, it is going to storm, I fear," she answered. "If your father does not come home tonight, he will not be able to get home, I think."

Wilma looked at the sky and noticed for the first time the ugly clouds that were scurrying up in all directions. In this land, where the sun almost always shone, especially in winter, it was strange that she had not noticed them before. Suppose that Father did not come home that night? He would not be able to spend Christmas with them at all. And suppose he started, and was not able to be there before dark, and the storm overtook him? Wilma knew what it meant, for a man and team to be lost in the "breaks." There would be the wandering for hours, where all paths looked alike, the cold and the storm, and then—a swift plunge over some cliff-wall, and she shuddered and turned so white that her mother noticed it, and called her to help with some little household task, to keep her occupied. And so the time passed, until the early darkness came.

The mother put a light in the little window, and they both saw that there was plenty of coal and kindling, and a bucket of water, but both hoped that Father had not started home that night, for the thick mist was chilly and raw and fast turning to sleet, with a sharp wind coming up from the northwest, blowing "straight from the pole," Wilma said with a shiver, as they closed the door.

There was no use to try to sleep, so the folding-bed was not taken down, but mother and daughter tried to forget the night and the storm, by reading aloud from "Rab and His Friends," a favorite of the little girl's. The storm grew worse and worse.

About ten o'clock, a shout right at the corner of the house brought them both to their feet, and how they ran to open the door and stir up the fire and help put up the horses!

"Why, Father!" cried Wilma, "How did you dare!"

He laughed.

"Well, you see, I found a box from Grandma, waiting for us at the freight-office, so I did not wait for that train. Then I

got part way home, and the storm was coming on so bad, I had a mind to stop at that place the other side of the breaks, where those German people live, for I was almost afraid to try the breaks in the storm. Just as I was about to turn in, I saw a light ahead of me, and I knew it was a camping-party in the breaks, so I knew which road to take, and soon I saw your light, and the horses came right on, without any trouble."

When morning dawned, it was a strange world that met their eyes. Every weed was weighted with ice, bending low in sheeted mail. The ground crackled as they stepped upon it, and the roof sported icicle stalactites. The big box had received due attention, the oatmeal and canned milk had been disposed of, and Wilma started to feed her pet chickens, which did not usually need any food, where there was so much to pick, all around them. She noticed the little birds, now sorrowful little drooping balls, sitting disconsolately under the eaves, and the icy corners of the corral. A happy thought sent her racing back over the crackling way, and for a minute her words tumbled over one another, in the effort to be first out of her mouth.

But Father and Mother understood, and a big soap-weed was cut for a "tree-trunk" to which big "tumble-weed" branches were tied on. This was stuck firmly in the ground by the window, and Wilma made baskets of paper, as she had learned in the kindergarten, "way back East." Filled with choice bits of the things birds liked best, they were fastened all over the "made-up" Christmas tree, and it was not long until a bird found it, and told the rest, and what a Christmas dinner they had! Wilma could hardly eat her own dinner, for watching them. And, somehow, she forgot her loneliness, and had so good a time that she decided to keep her "Christmas tree" all winter, hung with the tiny baskets. But much of the time, the birds paid it scant attention, for the ground was bare through most of the winter season. Only when a storm came, was Wilma's Christmas tree patronized, but then the little brown-and-gray birds came in flocks, and feasted.

And, with the paints, and the books, and the pretty bright silks and the beads to string, that came in the big box, Wilma had so much to do that she had no time to be homesick again that winter. And before another winter, neighbors came, so that a little sod schoolhouse was built, and Wilma went to it, all the sunny days, so of course, you know, she wasn't ever homesick any more!

But she kept the Christmas tree set for the birds, that winter, too.

She says she means to keep one, every winter, until she's an old, old woman! And, as she is only eight years old, that will be a very long time indeed, and I think, before then, some other little girl or boy will decide to do the same thing—don't you?

Guymon, Okla.

Christmas Greeting from England



CHRISTMAS is nearly here, and we are all looking forward to much that will give us pleasure—happy family gatherings, nice presents, cheery greetings, and happy games! But is that all we keep Christmas for? No, surely not! For remember that it commemorates the birthday of Christ—our noblest example of all that stands for mercy, kindness, honesty, love and every other quality which makes a man or woman, boy or girl, true, good and happy. And then, remembering whose birthday we celebrate, we recall the picture of the Christ child lying in a manger surrounded by the gently patient beasts! Surely, then, if God allowed His dear Son to be surrounded, from the first moment of His birth, by the animals in a stable it must teach us that they are worthy of our friendship, our care and our consideration!

Let us then, especially at Christmas, remember that animals are worthy of being numbered among our friends and companions since in those far off days, they were the companions of the Christ child in the lowly stable at Bethlehem. Because they are our friends, we must do all we can to make them happy. This we can do at all times, and at such a special season of gladness let us share with them our joy and happiness. You know how a dog, for instance, can show his happiness and can express his gratitude for kindly attention, and also how, alas, too often, he shows his fear of bad treatment! All animals can feel pain. They can also feel pleasure, and it is only right—just as we hate giving pain to our human friends—that we should avoid anything which may hurt our animal companions.

Let every living thing, if possible, share in the joys of Christmas! Do something to make it a happy time, at least, for every living thing with which you have anything to do. And by so doing we can all try to make it a season of real loving-kindness to one and all. Let us be determined that every living being with whom we have anything to do—our human friends and our "lower brethren"—shall be, somehow, the happier because of what we—you and I—have been able to do for them. You remember that Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even the least, ye did it unto Me." (Matt. xxv. 40.)

London, England.

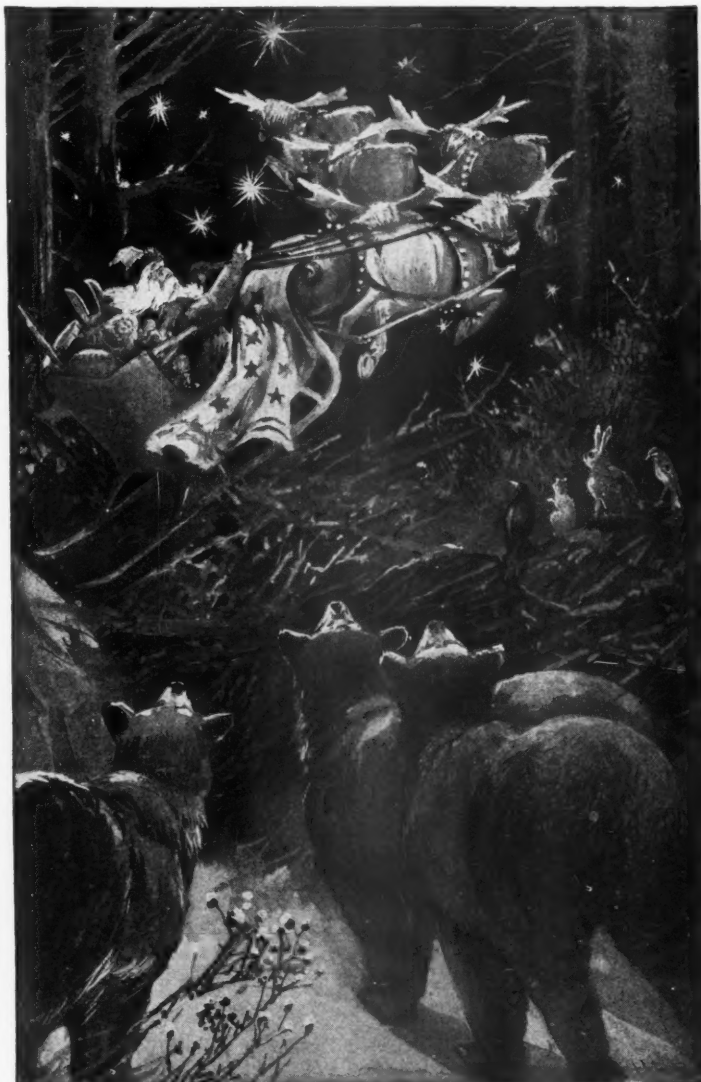
EDITOR, *Band of Mercy*,

Adapted for Our Dumb Animals by MAUD BUTLER

How a Kitten Held up Santa Claus

Once there was a kitten who determined to be a Christmas present, but she did not know what to do to gain her end. A Squirrel told her once that as Christmas trees grew in the forest probably she could find out all about Christmas presents there. So she went to the forest and asked the help of a Rabbit and he took her to Mr. Woodpecker who called on Mr. Crow to help them out, and he, in turn, advised her to go to the Three Bear Brothers. Now the Three Bear Brothers knew all about Santa Claus and Christmas presents because they hung up their stockings every year. They offered to take the Kitten to the path Santa Claus followed when passing through the forest, and suggested that she stop him and tell her story when he went by.

The delighted kitten at once accepted the proposition and her friends went with her to see how she fared. When they had reached the very deepest,



"AWAY WENT THE REINDEER UP OVER THE TREE-TOPS"

darkest part of the wood it occurred to Mr. Crow that, as they might have trouble stopping Santa Claus, they had better build a barrier across the path, and they immediately set to work, under his directions. The Bear Brothers brought young saplings and big branches. The others brought twigs. By midnight a wall of underbrush was erected across the path, and they sat down to wait. For a long time all was still, and then from far, far off, came the sound of galloping. A moment more—and out into the dim starlight dashed six reindeer drawing a sleigh piled high with bundles.

"Whoa! Whoa!" suddenly called a voice, and the reindeer stopped short. They had reached the wall of branches. Santa Claus arose in the sleigh, and cried, "What's here? What's across the way? Up, Dunder! Up Blitzen! Up all! Up now, all together—up over the tree-tops!"

The reindeer were in the act of springing from the ground when the Kitten called, "Mr. Santa Claus, oh, wait for me!"

Mr. Santa Claus held in his reindeer and looked down to see who was

stopping him on the very busiest night of the year.

"I want to be a Christmas present, if you please," said the Kitten.

"A Christmas present," echoed Santa Claus, astonished. Then he smiled. "Bless your heart," he said, "you shall be one," and before the kitten could say good-by to her friends he picked her up and away went the reindeer up over the tree-tops with a clash of bells.

The next day the Kitten found herself one of many Christmas presents for a dear little girl.

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RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

All members of the above-named Societies receive OUR DUMB ANIMALS free. Checks and other payments may be sent to Hon. HENRY B. HILL, Treasurer.

OFFICES OF THE SOCIETIES:

45 MILK STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

